

GOLD  
KEY

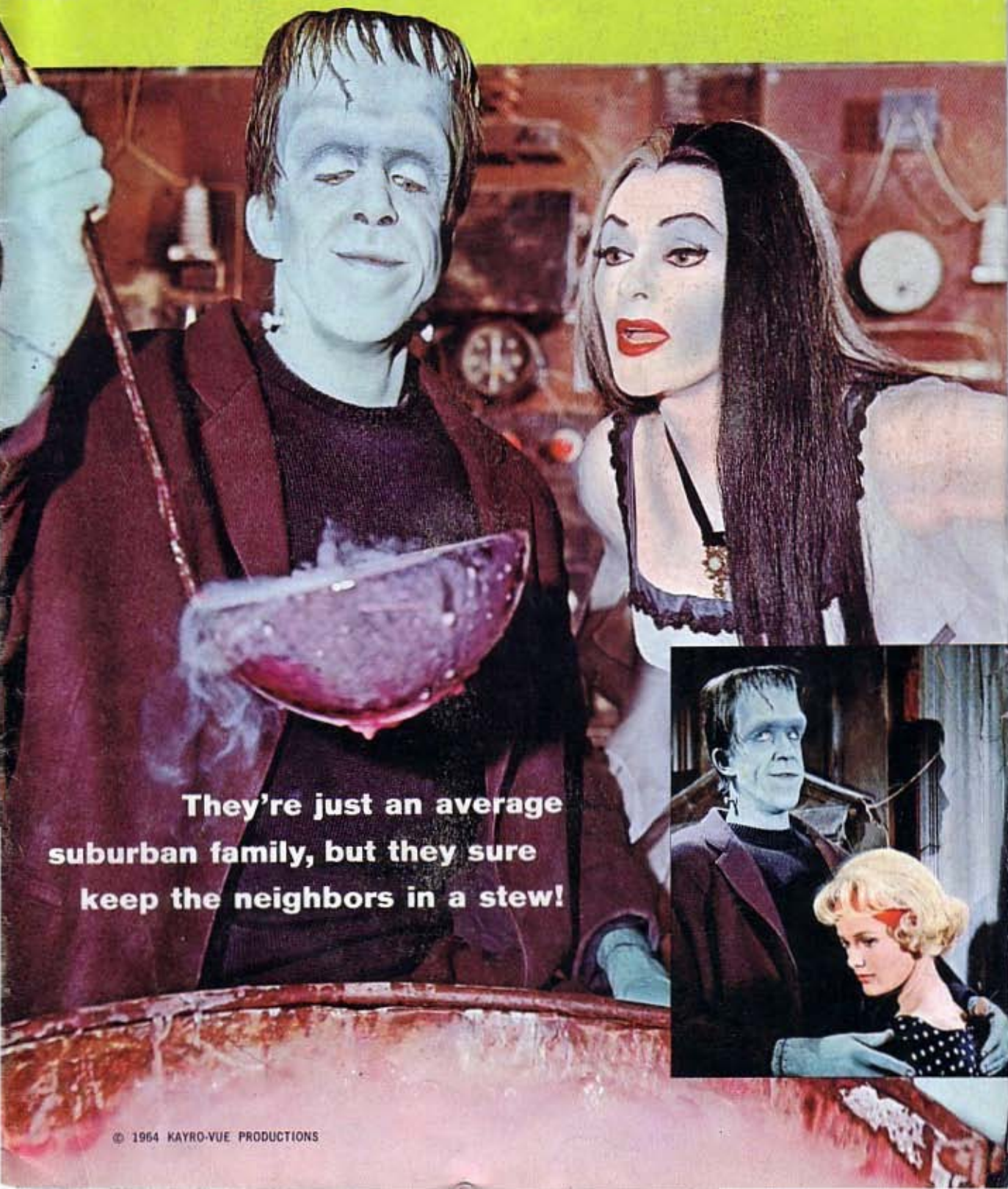
THE MUNSTERS

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# The MUNSTERS

10134-501



**They're just an average  
suburban family, but they sure  
keep the neighbors in a stew!**







No matter what the neighbors say, the Munsters are just a typical suburban family. Herman, a do-it-yourself gardener, is always out there, digging, digging, digging. If his flowers are withered and his shrubbery blighted, that's because he has a gray thumb, which is only natural since it matches his face. Lily Munster has her hands full disciplining little Eddie, a mischievous, red-blooded, American boy. She can be strict when she has to be. Her motto: "Spare the rack and spoil the child." Eddie is very bright. He always gets good marks in school, when he remembers to read the mind of the smartest boy in class. For a senior citizen, Grandpa shows a lot of spirit. To stay in shape, he still does his daily exorcise. He won't say exactly how old he is, but he does admit he and Faust used to raise the devil in charm school. The only one who doesn't fit is Marilyn. She's a weird one.





the  
MUNSTERS

# IT'S ALL FRIGHT WITH ME YEEEEEOOOOWW!

SOUNDS LIKE LITTLE EDDIE JUMPED  
TO ONE OF HIS PRANKS! HE'S  
A SCREAM!

AUNT LILY!  
COME QUICK!  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
WRONG WITH  
EDDIE!

NATURALLY!  
HE'S MY  
GRANDSON,  
ISN'T HE?



EDDIE JUMPED  
ON HIS BIKE  
TO DELIVER  
NEWSPAPERS  
WHEN HE GOT  
THESE SHOOTING  
PAINS IN HIS  
ARMS!

BUT, MARILYN...  
HOW COME  
IT'S HERMAN.  
WHO'S  
SCREAMING?

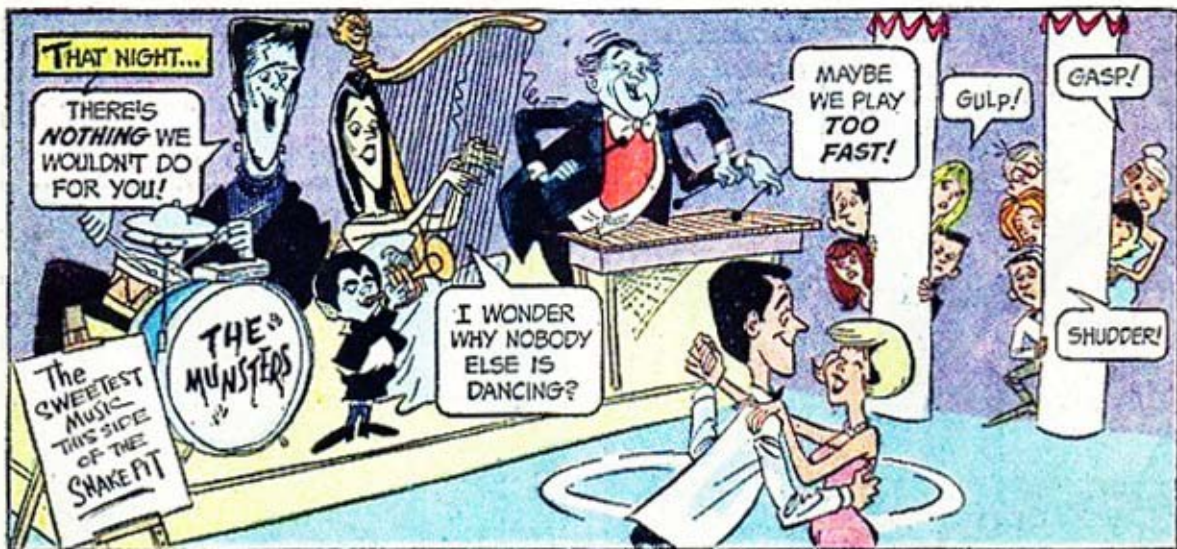


WHEN HE  
JUMPED  
ON HIS  
BIKE,  
IT  
WAS ON  
MY FOOT!

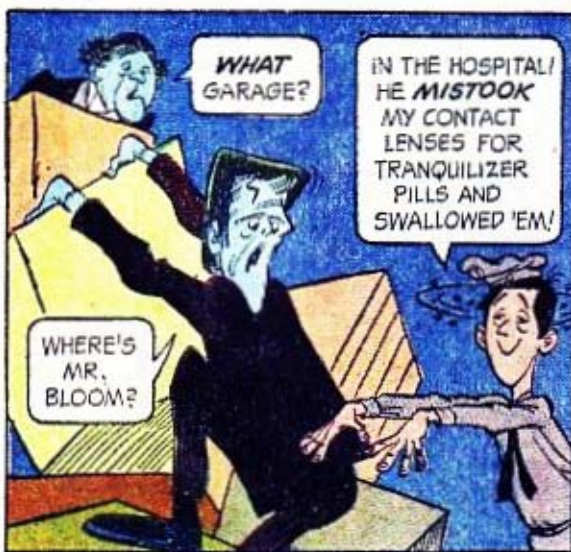
COME, EDDIE!  
I'LL PUT YOU  
TO BED!

























NEXT MORNING...

CAN'T YOU THINK  
OF ANY YOUNG MAN  
... PREFERABLY  
**ALIVE AND KICKING?**

THAT'S THE  
TROUBLE...  
MARILYN'S  
TOO **CHOOZY!**

AND THIS IS **NO** TIME  
TO BE CHOOZY!

HERE  
COMES MR.  
BLOOM,  
THE  
MAILMAN!

MR. BLOOM!

YOU'RE RIGHT,  
GRANDPA, THIS  
IS NO TIME  
TO BE CHOOZY!

UGH! I'D  
SOONER  
GO WITH  
ATTILA  
THE HUN!

WELL, I WAS  
GOING TO GET  
HIM, BUT HERMAN  
WOULDN'T LET ME!

BUT, POP, MR. BLOOM  
**NEVER** STOPS HERE!  
HE RUNS BY LIKE HE  
WAS **SCARED** OF  
SOMETHING!

**NONSENSE!** GRANDPA,  
WILL YOU ASK MR. BLOOM  
TO STEP IN HERE... I'D LIKE  
TO HAVE A CHAT WITH HIM!

WATCH  
ME  
FLAG  
HIM  
DOWN!

THIS SHOULD STOP  
**ANYBODY** IN HIS  
TRACKS!

MYAH!  
HAH!  
GULP!







# The Munsters

## I'M DANCING WITH FEARS IN MY EYES









LOOK AT  
THOSE  
PUNCTURES!

TRY THAT AGAIN, KID, AND  
I'LL GIVE YOU A PUNCTURE  
IN THE **NOSE!**

DO SOMETHING  
FANCY, LIKE TURN-  
ING INTO A BAT!

**NO!** LAST TIME I  
WAS ALMOST SWAL-  
LOWED BY A CAT! THIS  
TIME I'LL BE A DOG!  
NOTHING CAN HAPPEN!

OH... I  
WOULDN'T  
SAY **THAT!**

COME **HERE**, YOU  
FLEA-BITTEN POOCH!

EGAD!

**LATER...**

WE FINALLY  
LOST THE DOG-  
CATCHER! YOU  
CAN CHANGE  
BACK!

HALF THE NIGHT  
SHOT... AND ALL  
I'VE BITTEN IS THE  
**DUST!**

THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT YOU  
HERE... SO WE CAN SINK OUR  
TEETH INTO SOMETHING **SOLID!**

LIKE  
**WHAT?**

A CHICKEN  
DINNER!

**CHICKEN THIEVES!**  
GET 'EM!

**BANG!**  
**BANG!**  
**BANG!**

HAH! HAH! DON'T  
THEY KNOW ONLY A  
**SILVER BULLET** CAN  
DO ME IN!



MOTHBALLS! I JUST GOT MY CAPE OUT OF STORAGE!

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE GOING OUT ON THE TOWN!

WELL, I SPEND THE DAY JUST LYING AROUND...YOU COULD CALL THIS "MOON-LIGHTING"...

CAN I TAG ALONG AND LEARN THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE?

HMM! *WHY NOT?* DID ANYONE EVER TELL YOU YOU HAVE AN INTERESTING NECK?

WHY DO VAMPIRES ONLY COME OUT AT NIGHT, COUNT?

THAT'S *VERY* IMPORTANT! I MUST BE BACK IN THE CASTLE BEFORE THE SUN COMES UP! *REMEMBER THAT!*

I GET IT! YOU'RE DUCKING THE LANDLORD! WHERE DO WE BITE PEOPLE?

DIDN'T YOU EVER HEAR ABOUT LITTLE MARKS ON THE THROATS OF MY VICTIMS?

YES... BUT I THOUGHT THEY CAME FROM WEARING SCRATCHY SHIRTS!

NO... IT'S WHAT IS CALLED: PUTTING THE *BITE* ON SOMEONE...

OH...

...LIKE *THIS?*

YOW!

CLUMP!

OOOOOH

IT MAKES ME FEEL GOOD TO SEE ME RUN!



# Liddle Wolfgang

## ALL BITES ARE OFF

MAKES THE  
KID FEEL GOOD  
TO SEE ME RUN.

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HEY, FATHER!  
WHAT DO I  
LOOK LIKE?

CHUST LIKE ANY OTHER LIDDLE  
KIDDIE WHO LOST HIS FIRST FRONT  
TOOTH!

NAW...  
I'M LIKE  
A **VAMPIRE!**  
LOOK AT  
THESE!  
**FANGS!**

YOU'RE VELCOME! NOW,  
WOLFGANG, LET ME READ  
VOT EFFRYBODY'S  
RAISING!

AS A VAMPIRE, I'LL  
NEED A HEADQUARTERS  
... LIKE THE OLD CASTLE  
DREGULA... FOLKS ARE  
AFRAID TO GO **THERE...**

I WONDER  
**WHY?**

GOOD  
EVENING!

I DIDN'T KNOW  
ANYONE WAS  
HERE! DID I  
DISTURB YOU?

NO...  
I JUST  
GOT  
UP!

MY NAME'S  
WOLFGANG  
AND I WANT  
TO BE A  
VAMPIRE! IT'S  
IN MY BLOOD!

FUNNY YOU SHOULD  
SAY **THAT!** COME IN!  
**COME IN!**

SHAKE HANDS WITH  
COUNT DREGULA! OUCH!  
DON'T SQUEEZE THE FIN-  
GER WITH THE POISON  
RING ON IT!

NICE GRUESOME  
PLACE YOU'VE  
GOT HERE... BUT  
WHAT'S THAT  
FUNNY **SMELL?**

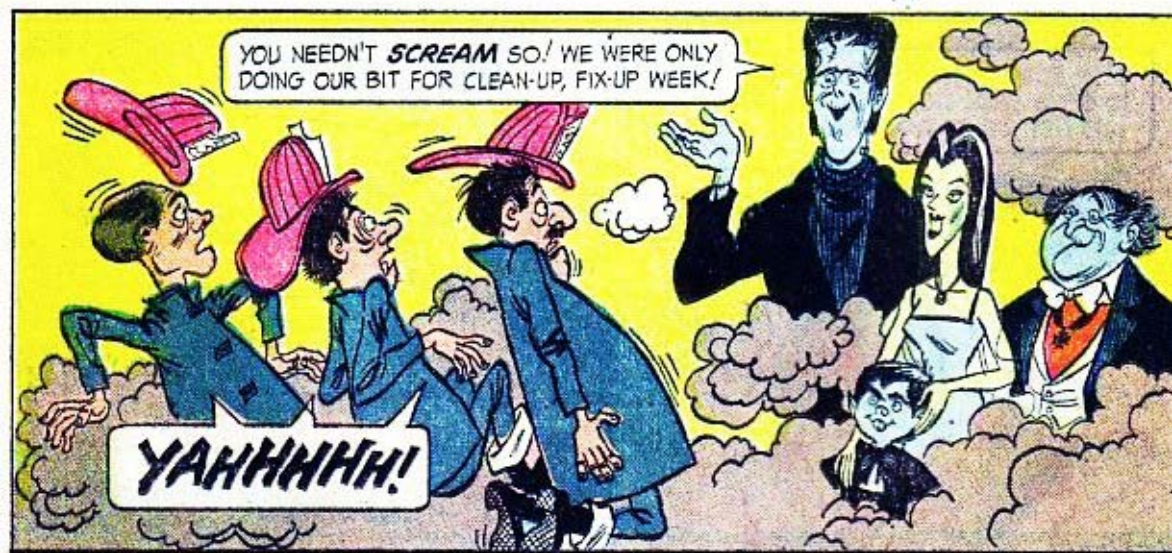














I DON'T KNOW HOW TO! HE BURNED UP MY BOOK ON DEMONOLOGY! HOW CAN I EXPLAIN THIS TO THE LIBRARY?

TRY ANYTHING! CLAP YOUR HANDS *THREE* TIMES AND MAYBE HE'LL *DISAPPEAR*!



THAT'S FUNNY! THE VOLUNTEER *FIREMEN* DISAPPEARED!

WELL...THAT'S *CLOSE*!

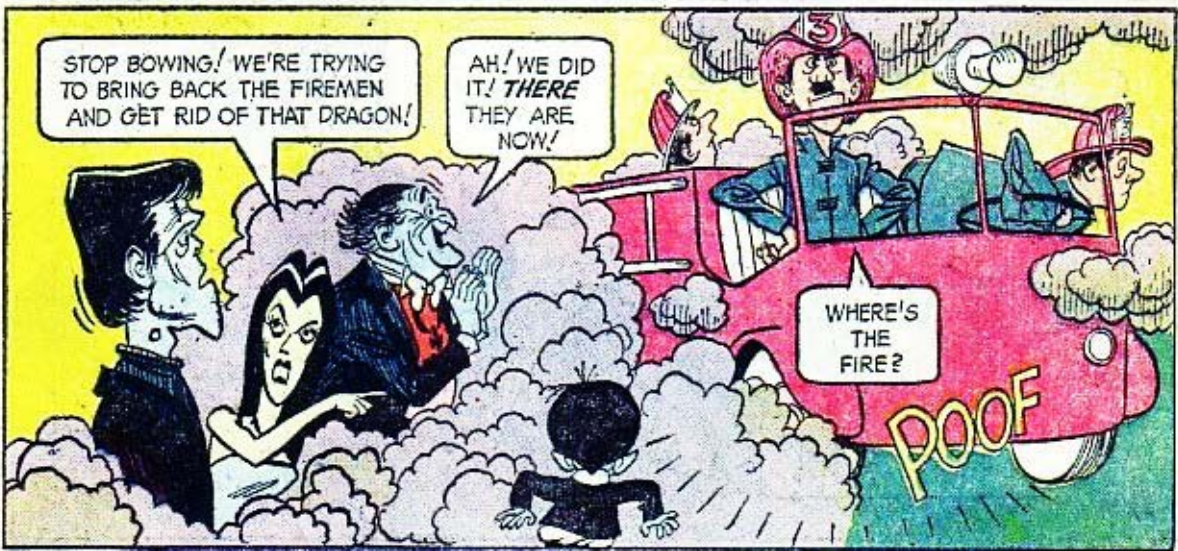


WE'LL ALL TRY IT!

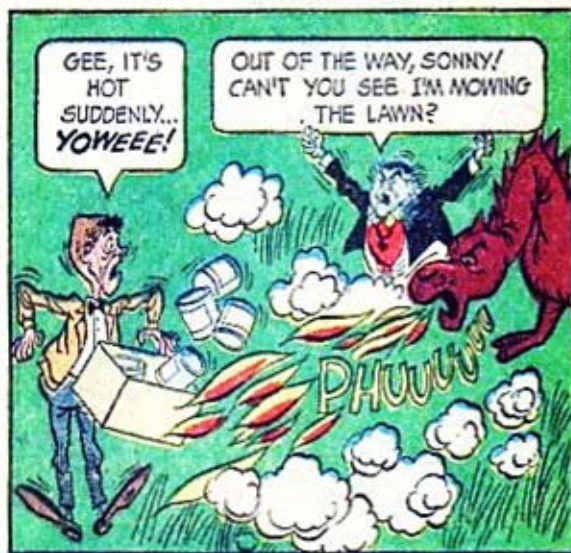
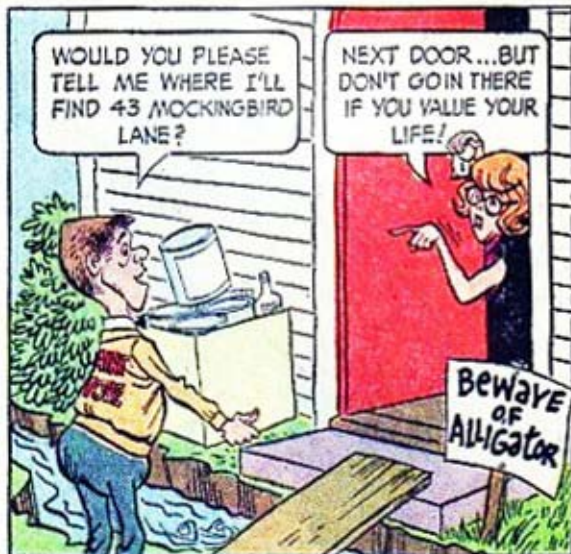


STOP BOWING! WE'RE TRYING TO BRING BACK THE FIREMEN AND GET RID OF THAT DRAGON!

AH! WE DID IT! *THERE* THEY ARE NOW!







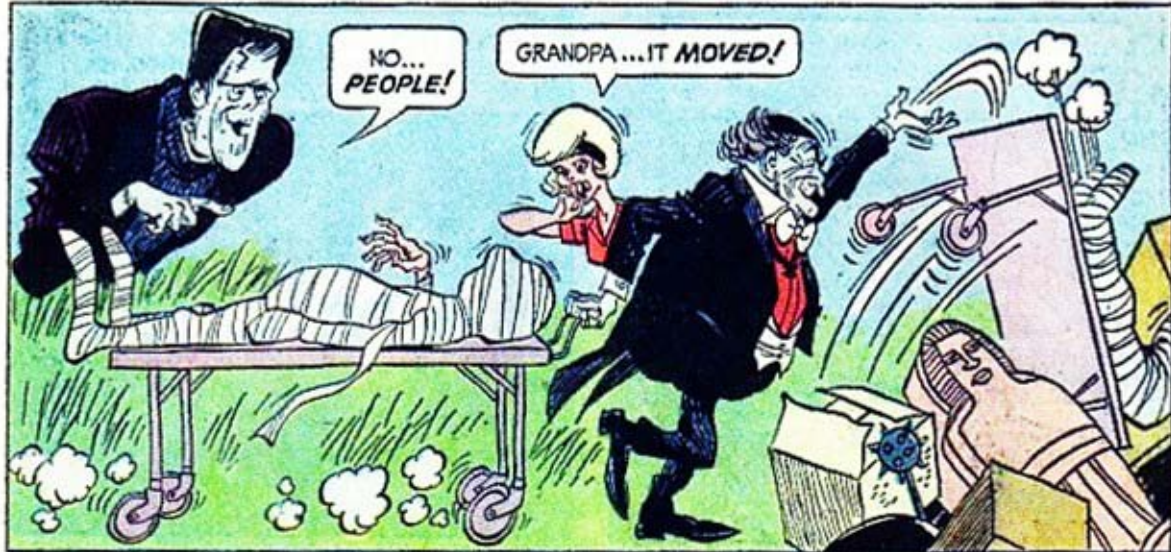




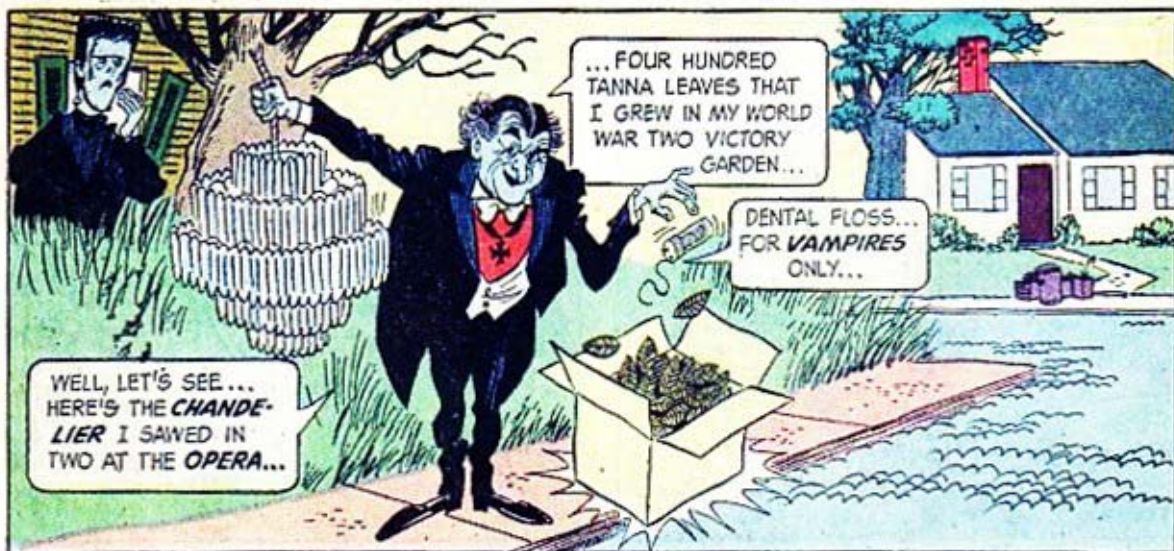
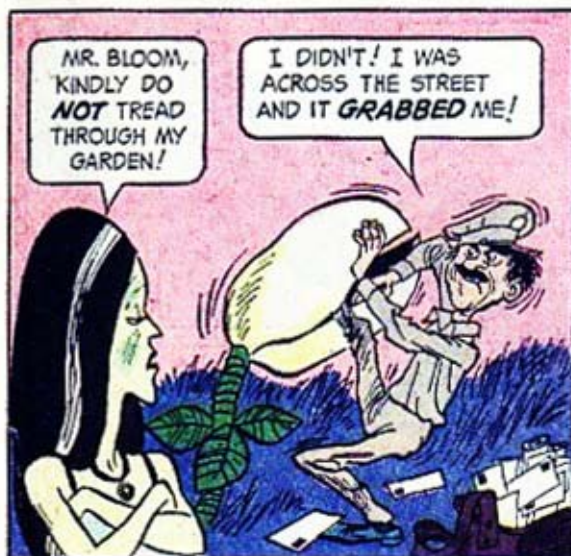








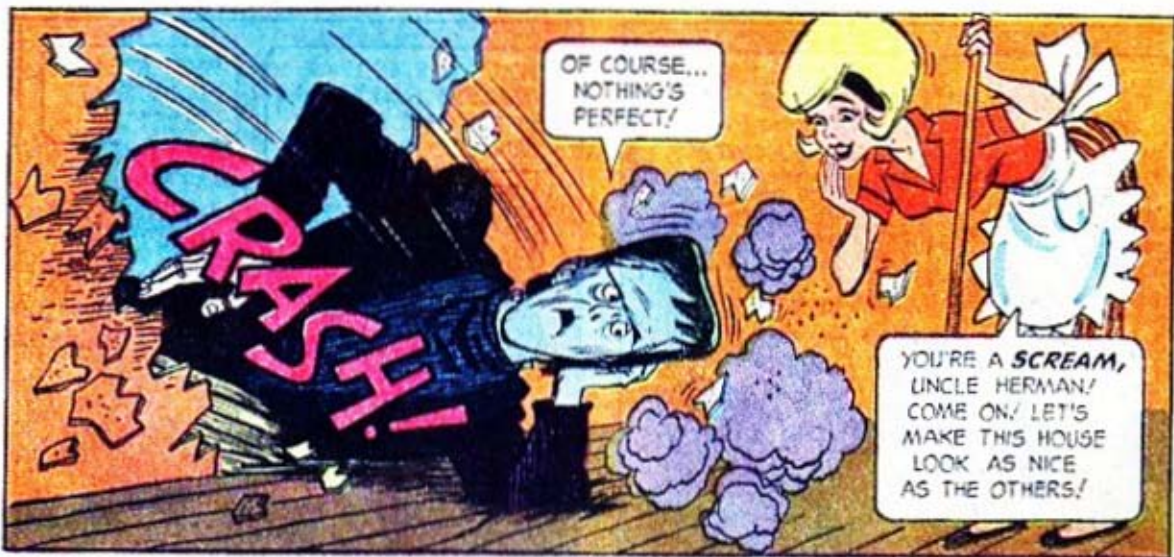














THE MUNSTERS

# HAUNTED HOUSE- CLEANING



HERMAN, I MUST GO  
DOWNTOWN! WHERE  
ARE THE KEYS TO  
THE **BROOM**?

SORRY, LILY...  
MARILYN'S USING  
THE BROOM!



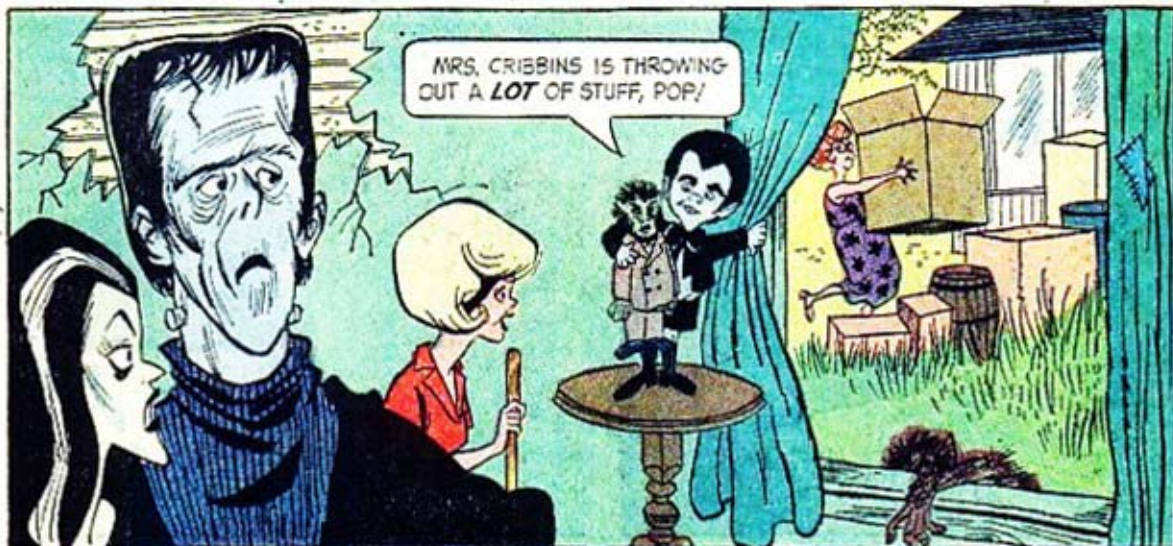
THAT'S RIGHT!  
THIS IS **CLEAN-UP,  
FIX-UP WEEK!**

OHhhh, YES...THE MILK-  
MAN TOLD ME ALL ABOUT  
IT THIS MORNING...BE-  
FORE HE **FAINTED!**



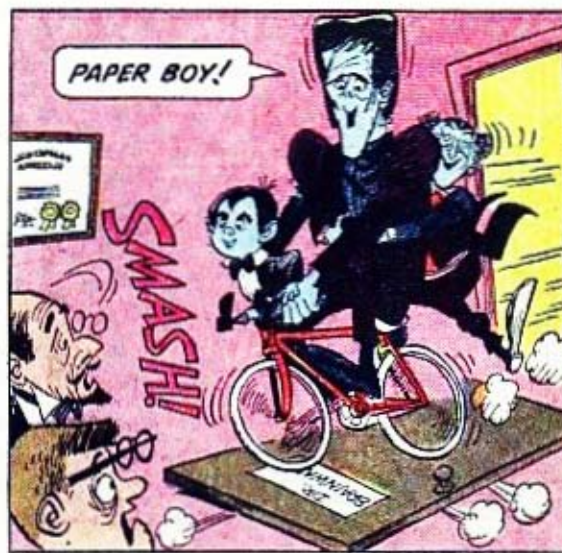
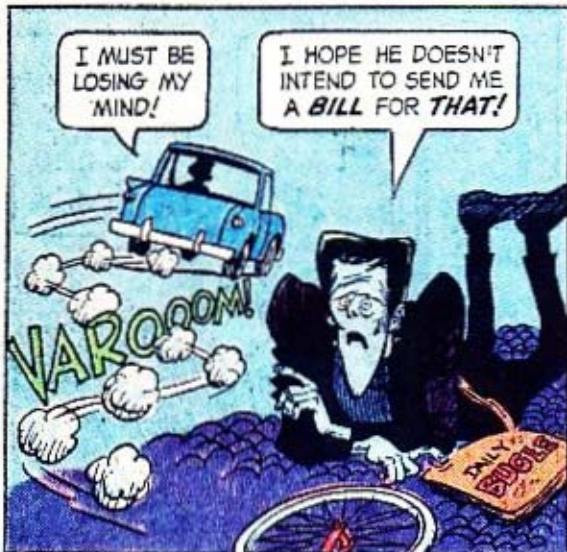
YOU CAN EVEN LEAVE  
**USELESS OLD THINGS**  
BY THE CURB FOR A  
TRUCK TO PICK UP!

WHAT ARE YOU  
LOOKING AT  
**ME** FOR?



MRS. CRIBBINS IS THROWING  
OUT A **LOT** OF STUFF, POP!







THESE VAMPIRE BATS HAD BUILT A **NEST** IN HIS **COAT SLEEVE!** ISN'T THAT PRECIOUS?

TOO BAD, DOC! WE DIDN'T NEED YOU AFTER ALL!



BUT DON'T WORRY, WE'LL CALL YOU NEXT TIME SOMEONE'S SICK!

WHAT (SHUDDER) GHASTLY PEOPLE! I'M A FAMILY DOCTOR BUT THAT'S THE **WRONG** FAMILY!



THERE **MUST** BE A BETTER WAY TO BUILD A PRACTICE!

THAT MAN ON THE BICYCLE... HE'S GOING TO FALL!



DON'T TELL ME I'M FALLING AGAIN! THIS MAKES THE **ELEVENTH** TIME TODAY!

AT LAST! MY FIRST **REAL** PATIENT! MAYBE I CAN EVEN GET TO MAKE A SPLINT!



IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR... I'M A DOCTOR—

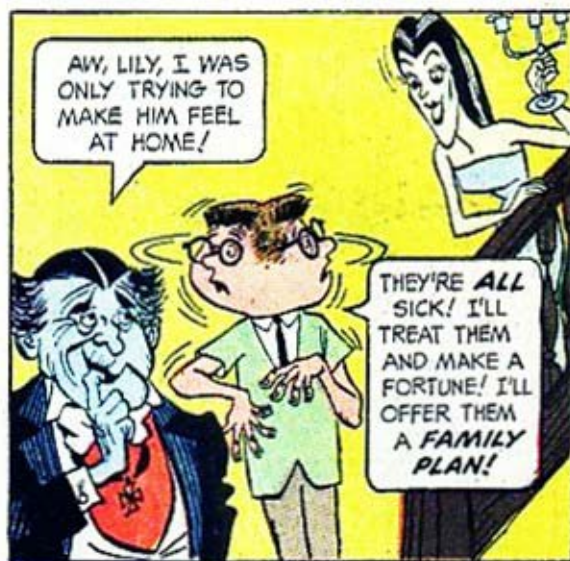
YAHHHH! ANOTHER ONE!







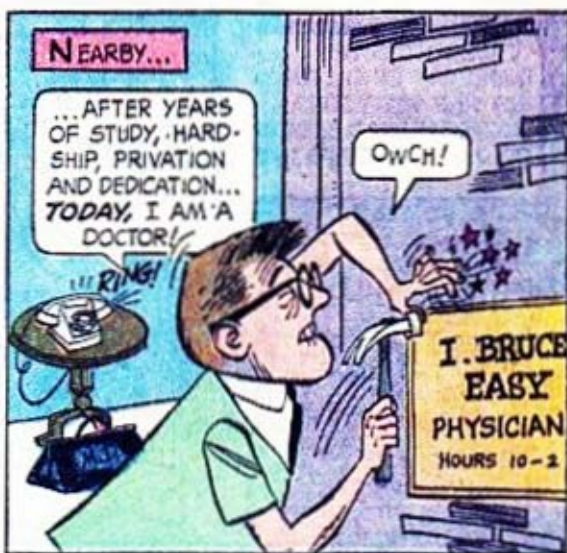












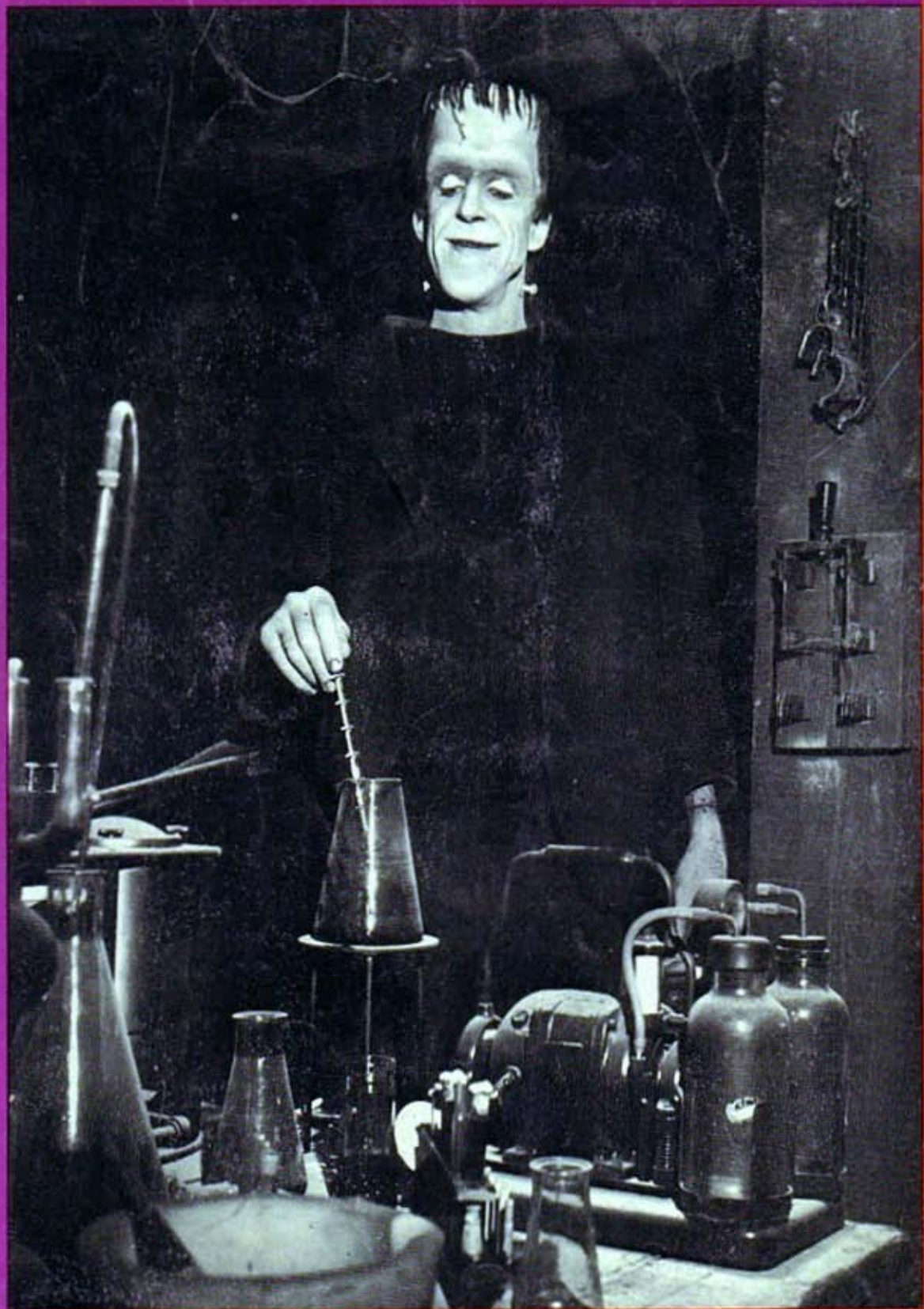




This fashionably somber house is home, sweet home to the Munsters. It's the pride of Mockingbird Lane; to get a better look at it, the neighbors always cross the street when walking past. The ornate salon reminds you of the day when living was more gracious. Of course, the decorative touches require frequent dusting, as you can see. But the kitchen is modern; it has all the up-to-date conveniences of the Middle Ages. The bedrooms are cozy. Grandpa prefers his mattress firm, to eliminate sagging and lumps. The secluded workshop is a relaxing place to spend leisure time, brewing potions, casting spells, conjuring up visions. And everywhere there's the pitter patter of little feet, in the walls, on the ceiling, down in the dungeon. In short, 43 Mockingbird Lane is a dream home, a place where a body can rest in peace, forever.







**THE MUNSTERS** PIN-UP